MR. PHYDO

A Few Good Ones

The Ruling Passion,

66 THY don't you play solf!"

"Impossible to shout 'Fore,' " ex-

plained the other. "I can't resist

the impulse to cut it to three

How It Came.

CETTOW did you get your mu-

sical temperament?"

Gratitude.

FRIEND-I've noticed Shears,

studio every day for a week. Is he

Artist-No, he's laying for me

No Comfort Here.

barbed wire ought to be counted

as one of the most useful inven-

"When there's a lot of work to

be done barbed wire makes it im-

possible for a feller to sit on the

Knocking the Doctors.

THERE is an official in Wash-

ter than a fling at the medical

profession. He was afforded an opportunity not long ago at a pub-

lic dinner to chaff the medicos,

"Physicians may be divided into

two classes—the radicals, who kill

Oh, Dear!

66 VOUNG Mrs. Greene deesn't

"Says he's such a dear that

Must Have Been New.

repaired by an expert?"

66TE/AS your second-hand truck

"I'm a little suspicious that it

wasn't," replied Farmer Brookfield.

The young feller who did the work

took the machine all apart, put it

together again so it runs as easy

as a gold watch, an' charged me

Professional Pride.

"MY little baby girl," proudly

tist, "Is only eight months old, and

"Huh!" sneered the young chi-

ropodist, "my little baby boy is

only seven months old and is get-

Experienced.

66 NTOW, Johnnie, this little

had a spanking team.' Now, what's

"I know; my pa and ma's one."

Ambitious. MILL-I've been look-

in' for work this mornin'.

Weary Will-Idle curiosity. Just

Tired Tim-What for?

to see what it looked like.

story says, 'The rich man

is getting a tooth!"

ting a corn."

a spanking team?"

proclaimed the young den-

said Farmer Chessman.

somebody is bound to take a shot

want her young husband to

you, and the conservatives, who

and he did so in this wise:

let you die."

go hunting."

at him."

only \$10."

"Why not?"

ington who likes nothing bet-

RECKON," said Farmer

Corntossel, "as how mebbe

the tailor, going up to your

"I was born in A flat."

of his small competitor.

ninety-eight."

sitting for you?

tions of the age." "For what reason?"

fence an' look on."

one clothing salesman asked

### Wit of the Week

A Real Dead Beat. WASHINGTON BROWN, colored, of Atlanta, wrote this letter to Sam Johnson, of Macon: "Dear Sam-Is you dead or is you alive? If you is alive send me that ten dollars you owes me.-Wash."

A week later Washington received this reply: "Dear Wash., I is dead, and that ten dollars was used to help buy my coffin. -Sam."

A Gumless Gummer CMALL BROTHER-Will you please give me a stick of chewing gum, Mr. Williams?

Mr. Williams-I don't chew gum, Bobbie. What makes you think I do?

Small Brother-Because I heard sister say that when you were at the dance the other night you gummed the whole party.

Then the Trouble Began. DRIVATE SQUIB - What's

bitin' you, anyway. Private Squab-Nothin's bitin'

Private Squib-Well, you gave me a nasty look.

Private Squab-I never save it to you; you were born with

Where No Senator Goeth. THE Senator was back home, looking after his political fences, and was asking the minister about some of his old acquaintances.

"How's old Mr. Jones?" he inquired. "Will I be likely to see him today?"

"You'll never see Mr. Jones again," said the minister. "Mr. Jones has gone to heaven."

One on the Judge.

MR. O'BRIEN was having heavy going on a slippery pavement in the days before prohibition. He slipped and sat down with force right in front of a judge who happened to know him.

"O'Brien," said the judge, "sinners stand on slippery ground."

"So I see, judge," answered O'Brien. "But it's more than I can do."

A New Use for Father. MOTHER (to son, who has brought home a barometer)-What's that for?

Son-Oh, it's a great idea, mother. Tells you when it's going to rain.

Mother-What's the use of wasting money on that when Providence has given your father rheumatism?

Both Eye-Openers.

66 W/HAT are those two boys of yours workin' at now?" inquired Squire Fablieu, of Seneca county, when he had whosed his team of grays in front of the home of his former old neighbor, Farmer Tittsworth. "I ain't heard nothin' about them for six years."

"They're both in the fillum business," the farmer replied. "Bill's a movie actor an' Tom's a doctor that removes cataracts.

# Krazy Kat

SAY, FROM THE

YOU ARE A

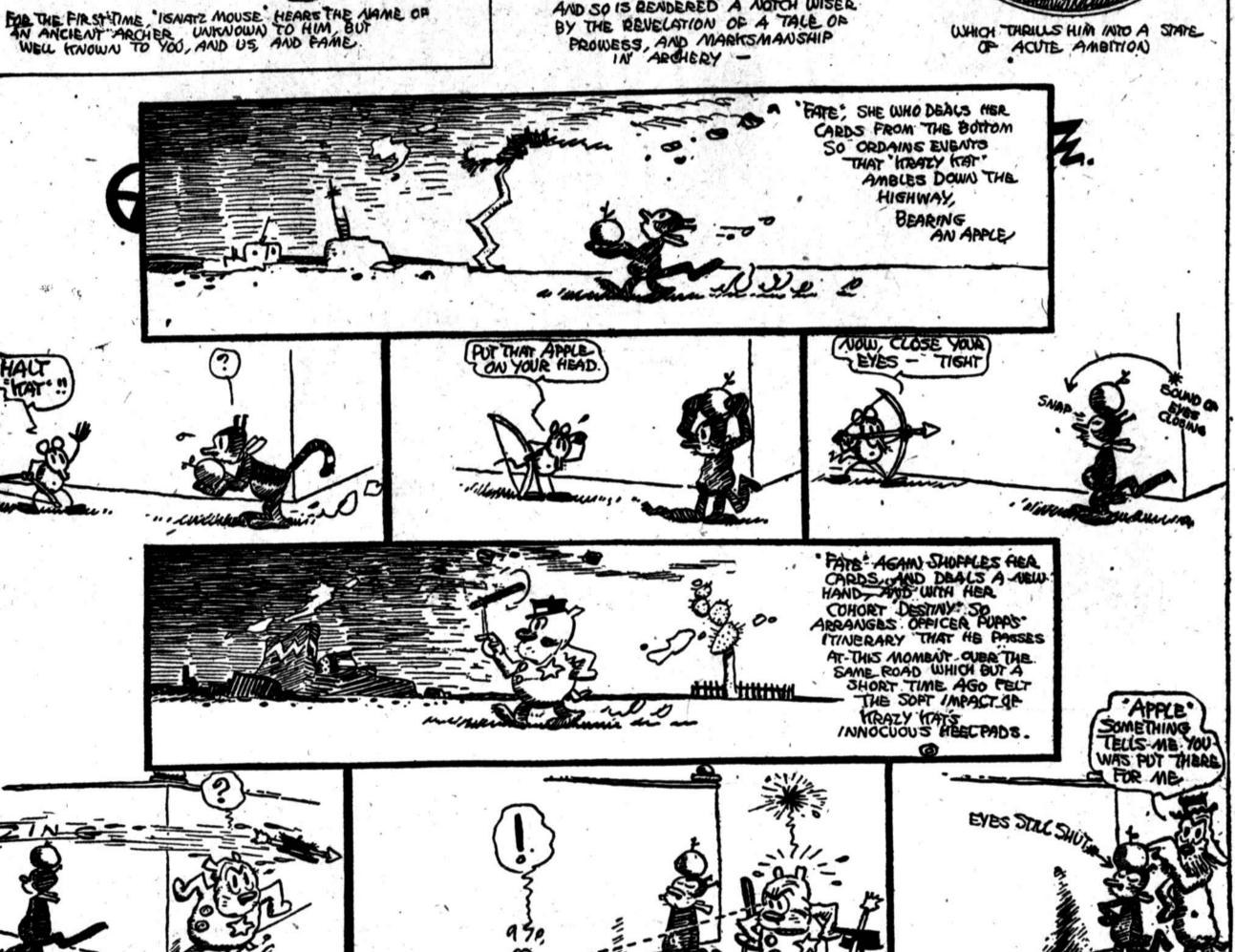
Regular

ooks of Things

WILLIAM TELL

By Herriman





### Snapshots

H E is a man of mystery.

Nobody in the world knows who he is.

That is, nobody knows who he is except the people. He stands with one elbow leaning on the hotel desk and chats. with the clerk.

He wears a derby tilted over one eye and he grips a powerful eigar in one corner of his mouth.

When a man registers he steps up behind him and takes a slant at the signature, then sizes up the baggage.

His dinner coat is almost in style and his make-up makes him look almost like a guest, but not quite. There is a subtle difference which is discernible only by the guests.

He wears a diamond ring on the third finger of his right hand, which sparkles as he flicks the ash from his cigar. Occasionally he takes a strell about the lobby and sizes up

everybody suspiciously, especially those who are innocent. As soon as a couple alight from a taxicab, out in the street, he

can tell whether the lady has a wedding ring on her finger. He can tell at a glance whether a suitcase contains hooch or an outfit of gentlemen's underwear and collars.

He is ubiquitous, being here, there and everywhere.

When the yeggs jump out of a taxicab and rush in and rob the hotel safe of all its jewels he is out to lunch. You have guessed him right.

He is the hotel detective.

THE theory that a man of forty L is practically dead from the hat down, which was pros mulgated a few years ago, has been shot as full of holes as a

The young tykes used to smile in a perfectly intelligent manner when somebody mentioned the name of a man over forty and would call him an old podger or an old prune or a shellfish or a dodo or something equally pleasant.

And the tads over forty got to believing it themselves and began going around with Santa Claus whiskers and stooped shoulders and began doing their tombstone shopping. They were particularly interested in casket advertising and refused to believe that they could play more than two holes of golf in one day.

Then a miracle happened and the men over forty went to the barber shop as one man and had the lace curtains removed and got badger haircuts. Then they went to the House of Ginsberg and get

wasp-waist suits and took their places in the world. Today a man of forty is just budding into maturity and the way he has been crowding the young ginks off the sidewalk lately is remarkable. It quarter's worth of Swiss cheese.

takes a very wise young skate in the twenties to attract dinner table attention away from the old birds.

The latter are rowing, golfing, and even prize fighting, and the way they are running away from

## A Little o' This and a Little o' That

HOUMAN

What If You Are an Old Guy?

A Handy Thing. 66TS that woman over there

having a fit?" "No. Her arms are full of

bundles and she's trying to see what time it is by her wrist watch."

Maybe She Helped a Little, Too. WHAT do you mean by kissing me?" "I'm sorry, I just couldn't help myself."

"But you just did." Her Choice. TUSBAND (firmly) - Underatand me, madam, your ex-

travagance will have to cease sooner or later. Young Wife-Well, we'll make it later.

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The Habit. DETE-The poker habit sure got Smith, didn't it? Skeet-Yep; he even walks

with a shuffle.

He Got Something. MRS. NEWED (to her husband)-I cook and cook and cook for you, and what do I get? Nothing!

Mr. Newed-You're lucky. I always get indigestion. A Cure.

CAGE-Have you another cigar D like the one you gave me yesterday? Morgan-Yes. Here's one. Sage-Thanks. I'm trying to break my boy of smoking.

hardly out of knickerbockers-a mere kid, and he has ten years to go before he is what the men of forty call a regular guy. The old boys are giving Old Pa

the field in a business way is the

miracle of the age. They also

seem to be taking the lead in the

marriage business, and the di-

vorce courts, if that is anything

Not only that, but the men of

fifty, who have been considered

old by the men of forty, are wak-

ing up and the men in the fifties

are running things political the

world over. The tottering old

wrecks of sixty, who were almost

extinct a few years ago, are

popping up into prominence in

every field from sports to auto-

mobiles and taxicab accidents.

Was it not just the other day

that a man of eighty-six married

a sweet young thing of twenty-

five and went on a honeymoon

A man of thirty is a freshman

trip around the world?

to be proud of.

Time the rassle of his life, and most of them have got the scissors hold on him for fair. So it is no disgrace to be over forty these days, but almost a disgrace to be under.

### American History

He was born in Virginia. He cut down a cherry tree. With a hatchet. He became President.

He was born in Kentucky. He split rails. With an axe.

He became President. He was born in New York. He cut loose. With his dad's bankroll.

He became the backer of a musical show. Marriages prevent a lot of suicides, according to a scientist. And it is only fair to state that suicides prevent a lot of marriages.

Monocles have been forbidden in Germany. Evidently they do not want a monocle form of government.

A man's wife generally spends Sunday cleaning out the attic, while he spends the day cleaning out the cellar.

A New York woman wore a lampshade for a skirt the other day and nobody noticed it.

The army of the unemployed was augmented by many former Cabinet members on March 4."

Money is tight in spite of the Prohibition law.

Speaking of bathing in famous springs, some of the Bolsheviks made the Spring of 1918 famous by bathing.